

Permutation

Well you've slid 180 and just
as impertinent. Problem is

those peckerheads at
a roar here. Strange bed-
fellows, as proverb tells.

So? Don't let them near
the property. For they're

dribbling and gross where
you're elegant. Graceful nub

installed in acid core, though,
by your similars. Meeting with

exquisite pastries and them,
you wittily decry reigning as

wryly cerebral in such
a desert of cretins.